THE

Reformer.

EXPOSING

The Vices of the Age:

In Several

Characters.

VIZ.

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Characters.

I.

The Vitious Courtier.

IS a Compound of all *Vices*, Oppoſite to all *Vertues*,: A *Proteus*, that can change himſelf to all Shapes, conform himſelf to all Humours and

temporize with all Opportunities, ſo that he may wriggle himſelf into the Favour of his *Prince*, or ſome *Great Man*, to whom he is no longer Faithful, than it increaſeth his Intereſt, or ſatisfieth his Ambition. He is all-over *Promiſe*, but no *Performance*; and his Honour (which ſhould be converſant in Juſtice and Honeſty) he transforms to be an *Aſſylum* from payment of Debts; conceiting, that Grandure authorizes him ſafely to Act all Villany. He is as Deaf to the Importunities of a Neceſſitaed Tradeſman, as a Rogue to Clemency, or a Miſer to the cries of the Poor; to whom he returns the firſt time a *Complement*; the ſecond, *bad Language*; and the third, perhaps *a Broken Head*. He is the Shadow of a Man, with a Taudery out-ſide and a Beggarly

garly Lining: And as the *Stoicks* plac'd Felicity in the Inward Habit of *Vertue*, ſo he in the outward Habit of *Veſture*; counting it his *Summum Bonum* to Excel therein. He Shifts himſelf ſo often that he cannot Shift himſelf out of Debt; and is never the greater part of himſelf, but the leaſt; like the Bird of *Paradiſe*, his Feathers are worth more than his Body. Opticks is this Mans Science; the next new Faſhion, and the reflection of his Face, terminates his Sight, and is the ſcope of his Study and Diſcourſe. His Wit is to Talk Much and Loud, without Regard to Senſe: He hath no more Intellects than a Spaniel, only to Fawn and Cringe: To his Superiors, Humble as a Slave; to his Inferiours, Haughty as an Elevated Footman. He is a meer Idol to him-

ſelf; all the Morning he ſpends Decking his Body, and the Afternoon in Starving his Soul. He is a Profeſt Friend to a great many, but a Real one to none: And if his moſt intimate Friends (and perhaps thoſe that rais'd him to his promotion) ſeem to have a greater ſhare in *Vertue*, or *Wiſdom*, than himſelf, he is Jealous; and Forms all the Schemes of Policy to Leſſen, and by Secret Practices to remove him from his Dignity, and this too under the Pretext of Honourable Love: Nor will he fail by Oaths, or wrong Informations, to deprave and taint his Character, according to that of an Ancient Poet.

Like Spiders, Webs of Flattery he'll Weave,
The pleaſing Ears of Great Ones to deceive; *Which*

Which once entangl'd by ſome quaint
Device,
Chops off his Head; 'tis practic'd
in a Trice.
He'll give occaſion that may move
Diſcourſe.
And by a Trick ſome Dangerous
Theme Enforce,
To draw a Doubtful Queſtion to
the worſt;
He'll make Men Guilty, then Betray
'em firſt.
Such are the only Spies that gape for
Prey,
Cut-throats in ſilence Smile, and
then Betray.
Intraps th' Unskilful, Beggs their
forfeit Lives,
To graſp their 'State; thus the baſe
Villain thrives,
Him the true Noble Mind muſt
ever ſhun,
Or live in hazard ſtill to be undone.

He hates Truth as much as a Fanatick doth the *Common Prayer Book*, or a *Quaker* the *Surplice*. His Bounty extends only to *Bawds* and *Whores*; and his Generosity to Pimps and Parasites; to gain which, they most obsequiously Dissemble, and tell the Fool he resembles a God. In a word, his Religion is his Lust, and His Place of Devotion the Theatre or Chocolat-House; Pride is his Zeal, Contempt his Charity, Forgetfulness his Prayers, and Luxurious Riot his utmost Felicity; till at last the Mask of his Folly being taken off, then as he *Liv'd Vitiously*, so he *Dies Wretchedly*.

II.

A Debauch'd Parſon

IS one that makes his Gown a Cloak for his Wickedneſs; and Plays the Devil for God ſake: Whatever Pretences he makes to Health, he's no ſound Man, for he has a Rotten Heart, and a Corrupt Liver: He's much like a Cow that gives a good Pailful of Milk, and then kicks it all down with her Heels; for tho' he Teacheth never ſo good Leſſons, he ſpoils all by a bad Life; his Practice contradicting his Precepts: And either never believes what he ſays, or never Practices what he Believes. He's the perfect Reverſe of a good Chriſtian, and like *Hebrew* muſt be read backwards. He'll preach up Chaſtity as a Cardi-

nal

nal Vertue, and yet ſhall be the firſt that will Debauch your Wife: Like the Popes *Nuncio*, that pleaded for the Purity of of a Single Life, and the ſame Night was found in Bed with a Whore. He has a good Wit, but always makes uſe on't to a bad purpoſe; for whatever you ſay, he will draw it to Bawdry: He handles Wine, Women, and his Text, alike; for he ever abuſes all three. You'd think him in the Pulpit an Angel of Light; but ſtay till he comes down, and you'll quickly ſee his Cloven Foot, by which you may know he belongs to the Prince of Darkneſs. There's none that pretends to ſtand up more for Church, and yet no Man diſhonours it ſo much as himſelf: For tho' ſome may think him a Star, plac'd in the Orb of the

Church

Church to direct Men in the ways of Vertue, he's only an *Ignis Fatuus*, to lead Men aside into the bewildring and Destructive Paths of Error and Debauchery. He's a most rigid Exactor of Tythes, and yet of all the Dissenters likes the *Quakers* best; not because they refuse to pay Tythes, but because by that means they give him an opportunity to take 'em three times over. He is sorry he was not Born in *Turky*, for of all Religions, he likes the *Mahometan* best; because Wine, Women, and Ease, (which are the things he most values here) are what *Mahomet* promises his Followers hereafter. If he happens to have Learning, he is somewhat like the Glow-worm, which has Light without Heat; but more like the Devil, whose

Knowledge

Knowledge without Practice, accumulates his Guilt, and brings upon himself the greater Damnation. But if his Ignorance be as great as his Debauchery, he Sins the more boldly, and goes to the Devil with the less Reluctance: And yet to beget an Opinion of his Learning, you'll find him in his Study with a Pen in his Ear, in which Formality perhaps he was a Sleep; and his Table spread with some Classick Folio, which is as constant to him as the Carpet, and has lain open in the same Page this half Year. And to make the World believe he's Studious, his Candle is always a better Sitter up than himself, and the boast of his Window at Midnight. His whole Life is like *Penelope*'s Web, nothing but Doing and Undoing: For as what

she

ſhe did in the Day, ſhe undid at Night; ſo what Good ſoever he does by his Doctrine, he ſpoils by his Example. To conclude, As the beſt things, when Corrupted, are the moſt Vile and Filthy; ſo a Debauch'd Parſon is a *Scandal* to his *Gown*, a *Diſhonour* to the *Church*, the *Shame* of *Religion*, and the *Scorn* of all *Men*.

III.

A Factious Hypocrite

IS Satans *Close* Factor, and Gods *Open* Professour; an Outward *Christian*; and an Inward *Devil*; his inside is Lin'd with a *Fox-Furr*; his outside, is of *Sheeps-Wooll*: He is a Dunghill covered over with Snow, whereon if the Sun of a clear Judgement doth but reflect his resplendent Beams, it will yield so many Noisome Exhalations, that are enough to Infect a Kingdom. All Virtues are like Parallel Lines to him; and therefore two of them cannot be coincident in his Heart, as the Center: Formal Precisenes holds the Door as a Porter, whilst Legions of Devils Dance within him. He is on *Sunday* like

like the *Rubrick* or *Sunday* Letter, Zealously Red; and if his other occasions will permit him, he will then Dance after the Fiddle of some base *Mechanick* of the *Fraternity*; but all the Week you may write his Deeds in Black, he being a Student in the Devils Accademy. He's a Book with a Painted Cover, Scribled with many black Characters of Mischief, written with the Devils own Hand, and throughly Read of very few. He Talks much, but Does little; and like a Loose-hung Mill, keeps a great Clacking, but Grinds no Grist. He will not Stick to Commit Fornication or Adultery, so it be done Secretly; and can find in his Heart, to Lye with any *Whore*, except the *Whore* of *Babylon*. He never gives Alms without a Witness,

as if he were afraid *GOD* ſhould deny he had receiv'd 'em: And when he has done, his own Mouth is the Trumpet to Proclaim it. He is all for *Dead Faith*; and rather than be thought to hold Good Works Meritorious, he'll do none at all. He has more *Divinity* than *Humanity*; and will rather give a Diſtreſſed Neighbour a *Prayer*, than a *Penny*; the Fire of *Zeal* having dry'd up the Dew of Charity. He miſtakes all Forms of Prayer, and Worſhip only the *Calves* of his Lips, Extemporary Non-ſenſe; and had rather *Prey* On the Church, than *Pray* In it. He's a meer Antipode to Order; when he ſhould *Stand*, he'll *Kneel*; and when he ſhould *Kneel*, (to ſhew all his Uprightneſs at once) he will *Stand*. He turns ſound Preaching, into a

ſound of Preaching, Prating; like an Empty Cymbal, he ſounds for Emptineſs; being but a Vain Cymbal of Schiſm. In Brief, a *Factious Hypocrite*, is a *Saint* to *Strangers*, a *Diſeaſe* to his *Neighbours*, a *Blot* in the *Eſcutchion* of *Virtue*, an *Angel* Abroad, and a *Devil* at Home; his *Vice* being ſo much the greater, for making a Show of *Vertue*.

IV.

A Preciſe Quaker.

HE's a Maggot in Religion, bred at firſt from the fly-blowes of Superſtition, whoſe Opinion is all Frenzy, and his Devotion Singularity. He has been often Metamorphos'd, like a *Todpole* into a *Frog*, or a *Silkworm* into a *Butterfly*; and from a Crawling *Inſect*, is become a Volatile *Drone*, who has ſoar'd upon the Wings of Tolleration above the Churches Perſecution. His chief Study is to Counterfeit outward and viſible Signs, of an Inward and Spiritual Grace, by which means amongſt the Ignorant, he makes *Formality* paſs for *Religion*, *Hypocriſie* for *Holineſs*, *Obſtinacy* for *Sound Reaſon*, and *Self Opinion* for

for *Good Conſcience.* He's a great Enemy to *Conformity*, and loves dearly to be Croſs-grain'd; will be like no-body but himſelf and his fellows; and maintain and approve nothing longer, than other People Condemn and Oppoſe it. His Sentiments in Religion, are generally as much out of the *Orthodox Road*, as his Cloaths are out of the Faſhion, and is ready to believe any thing Repugnant to the *Church Creed*: He delights as much to kick againſt the Pricks, as a Glaſier does againſt a Football, and like him always thrives the beſt, by doing the moſt Miſchief: His *Cravat*, is no bigger than the *Roſe* of a *Parſon's Hatband*, but what ever he wants in *Cravat* hemakes up in *Hat*; the *Brims* of which are ſo broad, they'll ſhelter his Body from a ſhower

of

of Rain, as well as a Painthouſe. He Cants amongſt his Cuſtomers, like an old *Bawd* in ſtrange Company; and never Talks, but he Warrants what he ſays with a Text of Scripture, which he generally Wreſts to a falſe Sence, to ſerve a Mercenary Purpoſe. He uſes few words in his Shop, when ever he deals with you, but will Cheat you more in one *Yea* and *Nay*, than a *Churchman* ſhall be able to do with twenty Proteſtations. His Garment is always of the beſt Cloth, tho' made up after the worſt manner; his Food is the choieſt of the Market, dreſt after the beſt manner; and his Drink, the Richeſt Wine, drank after the ſlieſt manner; he loves dearly to be thought an Honeſt Man, but hates Mortally to be it; and ſeldom Walks without

a

a Knave in his Sleeve, which he puts upon every Fool he meets with. What I have hitherto ſaid, is a Tranſcript of an Original Quaker, but what they are generally now, I have given you in the Poſtſcript.

They have moſt of 'em ſhifted off their Preciſeneſs, as a Troubleſome Reſtraint they had put upon their own Natures; and are Conform'd, within half an Inch, to the accuſtomary Vices, as well as Habits, and Manners of Mankind; they can now wear faſhionable Cloaths, Rings upon their Fingers, and Watches in their Pockets, which they held to be Satans Trinkets, fit only for the wear of the Wicked. They have forſaken their Nipperkins in Private, for Quart Pots in Publick, and are become as Sociable Chriſtians in a Tavern,

vern, as an honeſt Toper would deſire to Converſe with. They have died their Pale Complexions, which they wore formerly, into a deep Scarlet; and inſtead of Thumping their Breaſts, as they us'd to do, to expreſs a Sorrow for their Sins, they have wiſely diſcover'd of late, It's much better for the Body, to beſtow the ſame knocks upon a Tavern Table, in calling the Drawer for more Wine. Their *Hum's* and *Hah's*, are now turn'd into *Jeſts* and *Merriment*; and inſtead of *Yea* and *Nay*, they can ſay *Yes* and *No*, as well as the reſt of their Neighbours. In ſhort, they are as much changed from their Original Purity, as the *Romiſh Church* from Primitive Chriſtianity; and are grown as much Libertines, as the very Wickedeſt *Churchmen* amongſt

amongst us. They can be knaviſh in they're Dealings, can Lie when they're Sober, and with any Body when they're Leacherous. Swear when they're Drunk, and Fight when they're Angry, and gratifie all the Paſſions and Appetites of Humane Nature, as readily as any Body. Their Union being broke, and their Intereſt declining, have occaſion'd many of them to come over to the Church of *England*; with a Pious Deſign of turning good Chriſtians, to Repent of thoſe Sins they Commited when they were Quakers: There are of 'em three ſorts; the *Pennites*, who are *Jacobites*; the *Keithites*, who are *Williamites*; and the *Meadites*, who Love no Party but themſelves, and ſerve no Cauſe, but Intereſt.

V.

A Covetous Miſer.

HIS Thoughts are always Golden, and his *Mind* is never Elevated above his *Mine*. He thinks Gain to be Godlineſs, crying it up with *Demetrius* as his great *Diana*. As the *Oſtrich* digeſts Iron, ſo can his Conſcience Gold, howſoever gotten. He Subordinates all things, both *Divine* and *Humane*, to *Gain*; and with *Veſpaſian*, he conceives no way to be Indirect to it. He would Slay an Aſs for his Skin; and like *Hermocrates*, Dying would make himſelf his own Executor: For certain he is made Adminiſtrator to his Good Name while he is Alive, for it Dyes long before him, without a Funeral. This Wretched

Wretched *Muck-Worm* seldom Surfeits with excess of Cheer; For, at home he Eateth more for present Need, than future Health: He defrauds his *Genius*, and is in Debt to back and Belly for Lucre-sake. *Chius*-like, he will fill the best Wine to others, and Drink the Lees himself, his Desires being to fill his Coffers, and to put his Belly into his Purse. For Parcimony and Slender Diet are the chiefest Virtues commended in his Ethicks; but another Mans Table sharpneth his Appetite; and if he ever surfeit, 'tis then: He doth so accustom himself to Baseness, that it becomes Natural; if his Money be safe, he counts Infamy an Idle thing, and not to be esteem'd. All things besides his rusty Coin, seem Nothing to him; he with it, seems Nothing

to others; and without it, he is Nothing to himself; becauſe his Money is his *Ultima Perfectio*, and the very *Ratio Formalis* of his Soul, for he hath a Leaſe of his Wits only during the Continuance of his Wealth. His *Rhetorick* is only how to keep him out of the Land-Tax, His *Logick*, is to prove Heaven in his Cheſt; his *Geometry*, is to Meaſure the Goodneſs of any thing by his own Profit: His *Arithmetick*, is in Addition and Multiplication; his *Phyſick*, is only to adminiſter Gold to his Eye, tho' he Starve his Body; his *Muſick*, is, *Sal re me fa, Sola res me facit*, that which makes me Merry. *Divinity* he hath none, but *Sculptura* is his *Scriptura*; and he hath ſo many Gods as Images of Coin. The Earth is his Heaven, and the Golden

Angels

Angels are his Gods, in whose sight consists his Beatifical Vision. If his Purse be Light, his Heart is Heavy; and if his Purse be Fill'd, he is Fill'd with more Cares; *Tantalus* like, he is never satisfi'd; for his Desire always increaseth. He thinks it just to Deduct from a Servants Wages the Price of an Halter, which he Cut to save the Wretch, when he had Hung himself at the fall of the Market. He is good to no Man, worst to himself; drawing to himself Evils, as the *North East Wind* doth Clouds. In a word, every *Midas* is a fit Instrument for *Satan* to effect any Mischievous Designs, because his Piety is oversway'd by his Profit. This Miser cannot abide to hear of Restitution; he doth exceed in Receiving, but is very deficient in giving; like the

Christmas Boxes of Apprentices, apt to take in Money, but Restores none till he be broken; and then the Devil will have his Wicked Soul, the Worms his Carcass, which will scarce afford them a Breakfast, and some Unthrifty Heir this Golden Web, which he like the Spider, hath weaved out of the Bowels of his long Travel, and Vexation, all the days of his Vanity. The end of his Ambition, is to Die *Rich* to others, and to Live *Poor* himself, Toiling like a Dog in a Wheel, to Roast Meat for other Mens Eating. There is but one way for this Covetous Holdfast, to go to Heaven, which is, to be drawn up by that golden Chain in *Homer*, reaching from Earth to Heaven; but he knowing that to be a Fable, will go where Gold

Gold is, *In Viſcera Terræ*, Hell being his Center, where I leave him.

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VI.

A Prodigal Son

IS moſt commonly the Son of a Covetous Miſer, who ſat brooding upon his Bags, and only knew the Care, but not the Uſe of Gold. It is the Wealthy Beggary, of Thriving and Griping Fathers, that makes the Hands of Sons ſo open. The Father becomes a *Mole*, and Son of *Earth*, that digs his Mothers Intrails, to turn up Treaſure for his Prodigal Son; and with induſtrious Eyes he ſearches to *Hell*, to buy his Son Heaven upon Earth. When Wealth like a *Torrent*, overflows the Bank, as it would threaten a Deluge, this ſwaggering Spendthrift (who by *Moral Alchimy*, is extracted

tracted a Gentleman almoſt out of the Dunghil) invents Sluces enough to drain the copious Stream thereof. He will bid his Pockets not be ſad, for tho' they are Heavy now, they ſhall be ſoon Lighter. As the Earth ſwallowed *Amphiaraus*, ſo he ſwallows the Earth, and makes his Purſe ſick of a Conſumption not to be Recover'd. The Prodigal Man, is one that exceeds in Giving Money; which is better than the Covetous Man, who exceeds in Receiving; becauſe Prodigality comes neareſt to Liberality. For they are Liberal, which give and receive nothing, exceeding the Golden *Mediocrity*, and that's beſt.

The Prodigal thinks it a diſparagement to his Nature, to obſerve any Golden Mean: For he thinks it the beſt *Moral Philoſophy*

Philoſophy, to ſpend his Gold and Means; and that he may be the better proficient in his Art of Spending, he gets the Elective Habit of chuſing ſuch brave Companions, that like Skilful Pilots, will ſteer both him and his Eſtate into ſafe Harbour. He being affraid, leſt he ſhould leave any thing after Death, will be ſure with *Demetrius*, the Son of *Antigonus*, to ſpend his Patrimony in *Riot*, *Luxury*, and all Extravagant *Debaucheries*. He would Diſpeople all the Elements, to Pleaſe his Palate: Midnight ſhall behold his nightly Cups, and wear a black Mask, as Envious of his Jollitry. He will caſt his Love upon ſuch dangerous Rocks, as *Strumpets*, to ſatisfie his Liquoriſh Luſts. He will ever be a Devout Sacrificer to

Bacchus

Bacchus and *Venus*. He Dyes commonly as *Anacreon* did, with a Grape in his Throat. If it were true, as the Philoſopher ſays, *Quod nutrit Deus eſt*, that which Nouriſhes is a God: How many Gods doth this Man Devour; and yet becomes more Ungodly by it? When this Profuſe Extravagant Dyes, he will be ſure to have *Tigellius* his Mourners to Sigh out Elegies, and to Sing Dirges at his Funeral.

VII. *A*

VII.

A City Letcher

IS ſo *Marry'd* to his Unclean Affections, he is *Marred* by them, and becomes a Monſter. He encreaſeth Mankind, not for Love to the End, but to the Means; and is ſo ſenſual, that he hath more Command over Wild Beaſts, than his own Unruly and Beaſtly Affections. He is a *Salamander*, living continually in the Flames of Luſt. He is the *Vulcan* which picks the Locks of *Virginity*; and he Commends Women no longer than he Commands them. He is the Womens *Kalender* from ſeventeen to thirty, if he ſcapes Burning ſo long. He drys up his *Radical Moiſture*, with the Fire of his Luſt; and is Old in Sin

Sin and Diſeaſes, before he's a Man. The Eyes are the Window to let in Luſt to the Soul; like a Subterraneous Fire, it breaks forth with unſpeakable Vehemency and Fierceneſs, never ſatisfied: So long as a Whore is *Horizon* of the Sight, the *Heart* is the Center of Unclean and Polluted Affections. Venery in the Beginning, hath the Fierceneſs of a *Lyon*; in the Middle, the Lechery of a *Goat*; in the End, the Venom of a *Dragon*. *Ariſtotle's* Counſel was to behold Pleaſures, not as they come with Pleaſure, but as they go with Pain. A Whore is like the Tall Trees in *Ida*, which allure many to reſt themſelves under their Shadow, and then Infect them with their ſcent. I could wiſh all Men would imitate *Cyrus*, a moſt Noble and

and Valiant King of *Persia*, endued with such continency, that *Araspus* commending to him the Beauty of *Panthæa*, telling him her Graceful and Incomparable Features Eclips'd all others: *By so much the more*, said *Cyrus*, *may I be wounded with* Cupids *Quiver*, *and in Loving her*, *I should lose the Majesty of a King. When* Venus *Riseth*, Phœbus *Setteth*; Venus *is a Goddess that has no Deity*, *where Discretion Reigns.* Flie Idleness, which is the first shaft *Cupid* shoots into the hot Liver of a fond Lover: Let him shun *Opportunity* as his *Bawd*, and *Occasion* as his *Pander*. If he refuse to keep the *Nest* of Lust warm, the Pernicious Brood of actual Follies will not be Hatched: Fewel also must be withdrawn

drawn from this Fire; Faſting Spittle muſt kill this Serpent, which like the Serpent *Sardinius* makes Men Dye Laughing. Where there is cleaneſs of Teeth, there is no Filthineſs of Body. *Crates* the *Theban*, preſcrib'd *Hunger*, *Time*, and an *Halter*; thereby ſignifying, That if preſent *Hunger*, or length of *Time*, quench not this Flame in any Man, he deſerves to be Hang'd.

VIII.

An Insatiate Wife

IS *Eves* sinful Daughter, Compos'd of *Lust* and *Pride*; to gratifie which, she regards neither the Laws of God, or Morality, but prosecutes the Delights of her Itching Flesh, maugre all the hazards of her Husbands Reputation, and her own Credit, whom yet she will Flatter, and pretend the greatest sincerity imaginable. She would be a very fit Match for the *Vicious Courtier*, and 'tis a great deal of Pity they should be parted. Modesty she hath banish'd from her Intellects, and therefore, 'tis that her Lips are full of Wanton Smiles, her Eyes of Lascivious Glances, Toyish Gestures, and her Discourse Ve-

neral

neral Lectures of Letchery. She admires every Fop that passes by her Door; nay, and will call her Husband out of his Shop, to be Witness of her impure Thoughts, whom she hath already Cuckolded in her Heart; and will be either Praising his Pritty Lovely Eyes, Handsome Nose, or well-Shap'd Leg and Body, and all to kindle her Fires, which wanting opportunity to satisfie at home, She impatiently Longs for Six-a-Clock-Prayers, and then with the Common-Prayer Book in her Hand, and the Devil in her Heart, under the Pretence of going to Church, she Coaches it to her Gallants; whom she supplies with her Husbands Money, for the Expensive Charge of his brawny Back. When she returns, she Looks

as Demurely as a *Nun*, Fawns upon her Husband and *Kiſſes* him, to ſooth him up in his Credulity of her Virtue, or to Coax him out of a new *Gown* and *Petticoat*, tho' teeming with the Blood of a Stranger, and ſo brings a *Baſtard* into his Family.

If her Husband is *Jealous*, or corrects; gently her Failings, ſhe'll break out in Diſſembling Tears: If he reſtrains her Liberty, ſhe'll Commit Adultery for Spight.

All will not make her Honeſt, who' by kind,
To Looſe *and* Vile *Affections is inclin'd;*
Debar her Spark, *ſhe to ſupply his Room,*
Will take a Foot-Boy, *or a* Stable-Groom:

Keep her from Men of Better Rank and Place;
She'll Kiſs *the* Skullion, *and with* Knaves *Embrace.*
Suſpect her Faith with all, and all Diſtruſt,
She'll buy a Monkey *to ſupply her* Luſt:
Lock her from Man *and* Beaſt, *from all* Content,
She'll make him Cuckold *with an* Inſtrument;
For ſhe is like an Angry Maſtiff *chain'd;*
She'll bite at all, when ſhe from all's Reſtrain'd.
We may ſet Locks *and* Guards, *to Watch her Fire,*
But have no means to quench her hot Deſire:

Men *may as well with cunning ſeek to bind*
The Irreſiſtleſt Fury of the Wind,
As keep a Metl'd Woman, *if that ſhe*
Strongly diſpoſe her ſelf to Venery.
Nothing can ſatisfie her hot Deſire,
Her Raging Luſt burns like a Quenchleſs Fire.

She is always from two to ſix at the Street Door; and out of her Husbands Sight, as Impudent in her *Looks* and *Actions* as a common *Whore* in *Venice*. She will *Ogle* and *Leer*, pull up her *Breaſts*, and ſhew all Arts to catch a *Wood-Cock* in her Snare: Who by this means nibling at the Bait (Stolen Pleaſures being Sweet) ſhe draws in for a *Chapman*, and whilſt her Spouſe,

Spouſe is at one end of the Shop looking for a Commodity, ſhe at the other, is making an Aſſignation to Imploy her own. By which he is repaid (if he pleaſes her) again, and ſo the Poor Man is the Looſer ſtill; whom when ſhe hath drain'd as long as ſhe can, and run him in Debt, till he is daily in fears of a *Goal*, then (like *Rats* from a Leaky Ship) ſhe runs away from him, with one of her Sparks, who when he hath us'd her, till he is weary, he turns her off, and then ſhe grows Common; till at laſt for ſubſiſtance, ſhe Walks the Streets, and then my *Lord Mayors Officers* and *Bridewell*, are her *Cronies*, *Bullies* her *Companions*, *Pox* her *Attendant*, and the *Tally-Man* her *Plague*.

That

That Man is Happy, that Marries ſuch one; he may Curſe that Minute wherein he met her, and may deſire Time to Regiſter it with a *Black Mark* in his *Kalendar*.

IX. *An*

IX.

An Amorous Maid

IS a piece of Fleſh compos'd of *two contraries Deſire*, and *Refuſal*, a *Medium* between *Love* and *Luſt*; as *Inconſtant* in her *Thoughts*, as a *Lunatick*; and as *Unſtable* in her *Opinions* as a *Seeker*, full of *Fancies*, *Jealouſies*, and *Conceits*; eaſily in *Love*, but wanting *Diſcretion* to preſide over her Inclinations, thinks every Blockhead that Prates to her, is immediately her Captive; and ſo Deceiving her Expectations, Pines and Languiſhes. She is Curb'd in by Fear; and only *Shame*, not the *Love* of *Virtue*, is the Guard to her *Golden Fruit*. So cunning, that the Perſon who moſt eſteems her, ſhe leaſt regards; like a Feather

ther, blown by every Wind: So fickle she is, that she'll *Love* and *Hate* in an Hour; *Smile*, *Laugh*, *Weep*, and all she knows not why; sometimes she'll Rack her *Conscience* for a *Kiss*, and be as fond as a Citizens Wife, when she designs to Cuckold him. At other times as Coy as an *Anchoret*. She seldom fixes her aim upon one Object, but every new fangled Spark, shall Merit some of her Applause. She seems as it were by Nature to be Pre-ordain'd a *Strumpet*; and only wants a good *Opportunity* and Bargain to break up the Ice of her Chastity, which when she offers it, would be a Pleasant Comedy to observe her Denyal; which, because not common, I shall give you in Verse.

Nay

Nay Piſh, nay Puh, nay Faith!
and will you? Fie!
A Gentleman and uſe me thus!
Egad I'll cry,
Ads Body! What means this?
Nay fie for Shame!
Nay ſtand away, nay fie, away;
Vow, you are to Blame.
Hark! Some Body comes, leave off
I pray;
I'll Pinch, *I'll* Scrath, *I'll* Squeak,
I'll go away.
Puh; Faith you ſtrive in Vain, you
ſhall not ſpeed;
You ſpoil my Head, *you hurt my*
Back, *my* Noſe *will* Bleed.
Look, look, the Door is open; ſome-
body ſees:
What will they ſay? Nay fie, you
hurt my Knees;

Your Buttons Scratches: O sad!
what a Rout is here?
You make me Sweat, at last you'll
make me Swear.
Nay pray let me intreat you to be
Civil;
You Tear my Smock; I think you
are the Devil;
I did not think you would have
serv'd me thus,
But now I see, I took my
amiss:
A little thing would make me not
be Friends;
You've us'd me well, I hope, you'll
make amends.
Hold still, I'll wipe your Face, you
sweat amain,
You have got a pretty thing with
all your Pain!

O

O me! How hot I am! What will
you Drink?
If you go Sweating down, what will
they think?
Remember this, how you have ſerv'd
me now:
Doubt not ere long, but I will meet
with you.
If any Man but you, had us'd me ſo,
Would I have put it up? In Faith
Sir, no.

It is ten to one, but this great Favour, of this late Amorous Maid, was conferr'd upon ſome Quality, for the honour of the thing; whom if he Transferrs not to ſome Indigent Perſon, with a Sum of Money; the next thing is to ſet out in the World, which her ſeparate Maintainance; where (having grace) ſhe repines and reflects upon her

Loſs, and then perhaps by the Aſſiſtance of ſome Females, Counterfeits her Chaſtity, and Entraps an Husband, who finding himſelf trick'd, leads her an Helliſh Life, till ſhe make him a Cuckold: And ſo round the Wheel, the juſt reward of *Vanity* and *Impudence*.

X. A

X.

A Beau Prentice

IS a thing, call'd a *Hobodehoy*, that is *Half Man, Half Boy*; who hath more *Powder* in his *Hair*, or *Periwig*, than *Brains* in his *Head*: And ſometimes more Money in his Pocket, than he hath Senſe to Guide. A finical Creature, that would *Ape a Gentleman*, in the *Bondage* of a Pair of *Indentures*; and from cleaning of *Shooes*, carrying the *Bible* after his Maſter and Dame, on *Sundays*, (like a Footman) and the Servile Drudgery of a *Pairing Shovel* in the Week days, would (God bleſs us!) Mimick the Air and Mein of a *Beau*; in Engliſh, *a fine Fellow*. To effect which, the Father in the Country muſt Lug out his

Caſh; and perhaps in his Extravagancies Spends what ſhould ſet him up, when his Seven years Bonds are Cancel'd. He is a great Admier of St. *James*'s *Park*, and the *Play-Houſe*, when he can make a Treſpaſs, without the hazard of a Cudgel when he comes home. To excuſe which, he will form a hundred Lies of Buſineſs to his Maſter. He is all *Noiſe* and *Non-ſence*; and the Thing is ſo Happy when he gets a kind *Dolly* by the Hand, that he values the Moment as his *Elizium*. He is very *Proud*, very *Conceited*, and very *Fooliſh*; as wild when abroad in the Fields, as a parcel of *Unkennel'd Hounds*: His Wiſdom terminates only in the Repetition of ſome part of a *Play* or *London-Spy*, which ſerves him for Complement, or Banter,

and

and (by a wrong uſe) for an Encouragement to his Follies. You will ſeldom hear him talk of any thing elſe, but the Faſhion of ſuch a Gentlemans Cloaths, ſuch a Cravate, Shooes, and other Habiliments: And his greateſt *Rhetorick*, is to win a *Whore* to his Embraces: To effect which, he will *Dally*, *Cringe*, and Sneak to her, with as many Non-ſenſical Flights pick'd out of Romances, as a *Jeſuit*, when he would Write Encomiums on a *She-Saint*. *Sadlers-Wells*, *Moor-Fields-Muſick-Houſe*, or one of the *Spring-Gardens*, He is as conſtant a Client to, as an *Hypocritical Whore* to *Covent Garden Church*; where he *Struts*, and looks as Big as Young Squire *Belford* in the Play, and is as great a *Cully* too, between the *Jilts* and the

Sharpers, who ſend him often Home with his Pockets Empty, and his Cod-piece-full. He is ſomething of a Gentleman, and Haunts the *Royal Oak*, where he is Trick'd, and yet ſo Bewitch'd, that to maintain his hopes of Lucky Fortune, and being Tickled with the Stile and Character of a *Gentleman*, he'll not only *Laviſh* his own *Money*, but *Borrow* his *Maſters* from the *Till*: Which being Incapacitated to ſupply again, and wearying his Friends with his Exorbitancies: His *Pride* and *Vanity* begun with *Habeo*, it ends with *Debeo*, and ſometimes makes good every Syllable *Gradatim*: *Debeo, I Owe more than I am able to Pay. Beo, I Bleſs my ſelf from my Maſter. Eo, I betake my ſelf to my Heels*, and away he runs. The end of whom,

is

is *Want* and *Misery*; and at last being cast off by all, scorn'd by his *Cronies*, and neglected by his *Friends*, either the *Gallows* has him, the *Sea*, or else some Forreign *Plantation*, where he hath *Leisure Time* to bemoan his Follies and *Inadvertencies*, and where 'tis best to leave him.

XI. *The*

XI.

The City Mob.

THE Rude Multitude, is an Untam'd Monſter of many Heads, lock'd up in the dark Dungeon of *Ignorance*, and *Inconſtancy*, more Infected with *Errours*, than *Augeus* Stable was filled with *Ordure*. The Common People judge of all things, as they appear to them, not as they are in themſelves; being led by the Erring Eyes of their Clouded Intellects, ſeduced by falſe Opinions *a Vero*, and Diverting their wills *a Bono*, like white Clouds, or dewy Exhalations, they are carry'd hither and thither by every Wind. Now they flow with Honied Salutations, placing you in the *Starry Canopy* of

of *Heaven*. *Anon* their Gall o'erflows with bitter *Invectives*, and railing Accuſations. The Wind of Giddineſs, does ſo poſſeſs them, that an Opinion now Receiv'd, is expelled by clean contrary *Idea's* of their ſeduced Fancies. They Ebb and Flow oftner than *Euripus*. As the Childs Love, ſo the Peoples Commendations is Gotten, and Forgotten in an hour: It is better to deſerve Praiſe, than to be Praiſed by them; when they Honour the Worſt, and Condemn the Beſt; being eſteemed by Wiſemen as the Senſe in reſpect of Reaſon, Brutiſh. *Socrates* ſuſpected that always to be bad, which the Vulgar extoll'd for Good. And *Pliny* gave this Rule in the School; that he Declaimed Worſt, who was Applauded moſt. Their Knowledge is

Opinion,

Opinion, and their Wit is never to Swim againſt the Stream, nor ſet up Sail againſt any windy Rumours; which makes them like *Cyclops*, Roaring without his Eye, attempting things with great Tumult, and no Judgement. Their *Inquiſition* doth never ſound the depth of matters; but their Judgement follows the ſound of Words. In their Actions there is no Harmony; for they are too Flat, or too Sharp: And as *Grillus* being by the Inchantment of *Coice*, changed into the form of an *Hog*, refuſed to turn to the ſhape of a *Man*: So they being Beaſts by Ignorance, refuſe to be Men by Underſtanding. If they take head againſt a Man, they run Violently like a *Torrent*, to overthrow him without *Law*, *Reaſon*, or *Judgement*; they exclaim

exclaim againſt him, making ſuch an Uproar and Noiſe, that the Frogs in *Homer* (that with their Noiſe would not let the Goddeſs *Pallas* ſleep) Croaked no Louder. *Epiarus* ſaid, he would never Pleaſe the People; *For*, ſaith he, *What I know, that* Briareus, *the Multiude, approve not: Thoſe things which win the Peoples Approbation, I know not.* And well he might ſay ſo; for the Vulgar will grow reproachfully mad againſt them that are not of their Sides, and ſo Pleaſe them not in their Madneſs. Well doth *Phoalides* joyn the Common People, with the Water and Fire; being altogether Unruly, Bad Maſters, but Good Servants. In a Word, their Natures and Diſpoſitions are Outragious and Cruel, like thoſe of the Northern Climate, always

Unſteady

Unsteady, never Constant or Contented. If I have too much Vinegar in my *Ink*, or if Rude *Phrase*, hath defaced my *Stile* with *Barbarism*,

Pray Pardon me; for in this Argument,
To be Barbarian, is most Eloquent.

XII. *A*

XII.
The Country Squire

IS a Perſon of a conſiderable Eſtate, ſome Learning and very little Wit. His only Happineſs is in his Hounds, and will allow more for the Training up of a Setting Dog, than a Son, who he thinks hath Education enough, if he can Write, and Read, and tell a Sample of Corn, know the prices of Markets, an over-reach his Countrey-Men; O! this is a Fine and Hopful Lad! But Talk to him of the Muſes, and he ſays with *Teſtimony* in Sir *Courtly Nice*, *That it makes Men Heathens.* He had rather be Sotting over a Cup of *March-Beer*, at a Brother Boars Houſe, than hear the moſt Eloquent Declamation, or

moſt Philoſophical Diſpute in *Oxford* or *Cambridge*; and will ignorantly affirm, there is much more Pleaſure and Senſe in the one, than the other, and ſo a Fart for *Ariſtotle*, and a Turd for *Plato*: *Rockwood*, *Lady*, *Ring*, and to wind a Horn at the Death of a Fox, or a Stag, is his greateſt Ambition and Study: And if he hath but Arithmetick enough to tell the Day of the Month by the Almanack, and when his Quarters-Rent becomes due, he thinks himſelf as happy as *Tully* in his Oratory. He hates *London*, becauſe there he would ſee, as in a Glaſs, his Ruſticity; Breeding is a meer Averſion to him, which he Characterizes as only fit for to make Whores, and learn People to Lye; and prefers a young awkward rude Lump of Fleſh, dragg'd

dragg'd up at a Milk-Pail, before a Gentile, Airy, Prudent Lady of the Town; which when he gets where he ſhould not, he pays for dearly, or elſe the Overſeers and he will be Two: His greateſt Bugbear is the Tax-gatherer, and would not Care a Farthing for Liberty or Property either, ſo he could keep himſelf free from the Subſidy. He is as buſie at a Coffee-Houſe, Conning over a Gazette by the Inſtructions of the Parſon, as a Boy in a Primmer; and when he meets with the Names of *Wiſnowiſtky* and *Potoſky* they fright him into a Sweat; and he Swears by their Appellations, they muſt be Deviliſh ſtout Fellows, and brave Generals he'll warrant 'em. Yet this Clod will be Scanning State Affairs at home, and reaſon why and

wherefore, forfeited Eſtates, ſhould not be given three or four times over, and taken away again: And will tell you that a rude Multitude, by dint of blows, is to be prefer'd before the moſt-knowing Politician and General; by whoſe Conduct alone, the Iſſue of a whole War ſucceeded. *&c.* Whilſt he ſtay'd at Home, to try how long his Skin well kept would laſt, (as an *Italian* ſaid once) His Life is generally one continual ſeries of Eating and Drinking, Riding from one Houſe to another every Day, till he reels home to his ruſty Smoaking Mate, as Drunk as *David's* Sow. If he is but advanc'd to the Commiſſion of a Juſtice of Peace, he makes the whole County ring of his Inſolence, and thinks himſelf as great as a Lord-Chancellor

cellor, tho' no more able to tell the right or wrong end of a Complaint, than one of his Hogs. Every year he ſends his Spouſe and Daughters to Town, to buy new Cloaths, made of ſome old Faſhion Silks, which caſt a great Luſtre in a Countrey Church, and the Young thing's perk'd up as gaudy as a *Bartholomew-Fair* Poppet, come down tumbling among their Ruſſet-Tennants; who admire Miſſes Finery, gain'd perhaps by oppreſſing of them. In a Word, Money is his Minion, Idleneſs his Recreation, Religion his Conveniency, Dogs and Blockheads his Companions, Stout Belch his Satisfaction, and the Hell of Ignorance his Heaven, for there's no making a Velvet Purſe of a Sows Ear. The Breaſt of Fools they kindle a Fire of Wrath and Ma-

lice. *Quintillian* gave *Veſpaſian* this Commendation, *Patientiſſimus veri*, which few Men in theſe Days deſerve, good Men being ſo rare, that they are ſcarce ſo many in number as the Gates of *Thebes*, or Mouths of *Nile*, which were but Seven. *Epaminondas* was ſo ſevere and ſtrict a Lover of Truth, *Ut ne joco quidem mentitus ſit*, that he abhor'd a Lye in Jeſt. I would have all Men put on this Armour of Proof, and then they need not fear wounding. *Truth* (like *Meduſa's* head) will turn their Adverſaries into Stone. Let this glorious Light then, which ſhines brighteſt between two Clouds, Malice and Error, be thy *Cynoſura* and Load Star, to guide thy Soul. Make Truth, thy Mother, and thy Tongue the Midwife.

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